



THE REPORTER WHO MADE HIMSELF KING.

Search for a place to Write Novels
Brings Strange Adventures.
By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.
Author of "Gallegher," "My Disruptive Friend,"
"Mr. Baggins," and Many Popular
Stories and Poems.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Albert Gordon, after being for three years a reporter in New York, goes to Okeana as secretary to Capt. Travis, United States consul. Travis is disappointed to find only three white men, Stedman and the two Bradleys, the latter being runaway from a British man-of-war. He leaves the same night in a schooner chartered to take him to the island, and Gordon, on waking up, finds a letter in which Travis appoints him to Okeana. Gordon immediately appoints Stedman his secretary, and determines upon a programme of improvements for Okeana, with which the king is delighted. But their plans are interrupted by the news that the king of the Hillmen is on one of his quarterly raids against Okeana.

PART III.

OUTSIDE the women were gathered in the plaza, with the children about them, and the men were running from hut to hut, warning the king's followers and arming themselves with spears and swords and the native bows and arrows.

"They might have waited until we had that army trained," said Gordon, in a tone of the keenest displeasure. "Tell me, quick, what do they generally do when they come?"

"Stal all the cattle and goats and some women, and set fire to the huts in the outskirts," replied Stedman.

"Well, we must stop them," said Gordon, jumping up. "We must take out a flag of truce and treat with them. They must be kept off until I have my army in working order. Tell the king we are going out to fight them, and tell him to call off his warriors until he learns whether we succeed or fail."

"But, Gordon," gasped Stedman. "You don't understand. Why, man, this isn't a flag of truce or a cane run. They'll stick you full of spears, dance on your body, and eat you, maybe. A flag of truce—you're talking nonsense. What do they know of a flag of truce?"

"You're talking nonsense, too," said Albert. "If you are talking to your superior officer, if you are not in this with me, so back to your cable and tell the man in Okeana that it's a warm day and the king is changing; but if you're a sporting blood in you—and I think you have—you run to the office and get my Winchester rifles and the two shotguns and my revolvers and my uniform and a lot of brass knuckles for presents, and run all the way there and back. And make time. Imagine you're riding a bicycle at the agricultural fair."

Stedman did not hear this last, for he was already off, and was making through the crowd and calling on Bradley, Jr., to follow him.

Albert met Stedman in the plaza, and saw him with his hands on his hips, and his uniform coat, and his pith helmet.

"Now, Jack," he said, "get up there and tell these fellows we are going out to make peace with those Hillmen, or bring them upon the scene of war."

Stedman's speech was hot and wild, and ended with the most critical and far-reaching audience before a barricade in Paris. And when he had finished, he turned and saw Bradley puncturing his oration by firing off the two Winchester rifles in the air, at which the people roared and clapped their knees, and prayed to their several gods.

The fighting men of the village followed the four men to the outskirts and took up their stand there as Stedman told them to.

to be trying to make them approach more slowly.

"That Messenwah?" asked Gordon.

"Yes," said Albert. "He means to keep them back. I don't believe he ever saw a white man before."

"Stedman," said Albert, speaking quickly, "give your gun to Bradley, and go forward with your arms in the air, and waving your hands, and tell them in their language that the king is coming. If they go at you, Bradley and I will kill a goat or two, and show them that we are as good as the white before the javelin of the hunter."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

"But that what we ask is no longer his to give. He has sold his kingdom, and his right to this island to another king, who came to him two days ago in a great canoe, and who made him as we do with guns. I suppose he means, and to whom he sold the island for a watch that he has in his hand around his neck. Besides, he signed a paper and made marks on a piece of bark to show that he gave up the island freely and forever."

"What does he mean?" said Gordon.

"How can he give up the island?" Okeanus is the king of half of it anyway, and he has the other half."

"That's just it," said Stedman. "That's what he's scared about. He said he didn't want to give up the island, but he did in when he made the treaty because he is such a peaceful chap that he knew he could give up the island to another king."

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volving gestures of alarm and much pointing at Gordon and his friend, and bows and nods and profound bows and bows to the king, who looked at the bundle of presents and at the guns, of which Stedman had given a very wonderful account, but which he had never seen.

"I guess," said Stedman with a sigh, "that the king is a very foolish man, and that he is not worth the trouble of trying to make him understand. I am sorry, but I think one of those goats has to die, and the king will be satisfied with that. The two white animals will have to suffer for the good of the higher."

So Stedman told the king to tell his men to drive a goat toward them, and the king did so, and one of the goats was killed by the king's spear, and it ran clumsily across the plain.

"Take your time, Bradley," said Gordon. "Am I low, and if you hit it you can have it for supper."

"And if you miss it," said Stedman, gloomily, "Messenwah will have us for supper."

The Hillmen had seated themselves a hundred yards off while the leaders were driving and they now rose curiously and watched Bradley as he sank on one knee and covered the goat while he gave it a long start. When it was about 150 yards off he fired, and the goat fell over dead.

Then the king, with the two white animals, broke away on the run toward the dead animal with much shouting and yelling. The king came back alone, leaving his people standing about and examining the goat.

He was much excited, and talked and gesticulated violently.

"That was much excited," cried Gordon, in a great state of nerves. "Don't keep it all to yourself!"

"I do," said Stedman, "that we are deceived. He is no longer king of the island of Okeana, that he is in great fear of us, and that he has got himself into no end of trouble. He says he sees that we are indeed mighty men, that we are as good as the white before the javelin of the hunter."

"Well, he's dead right," said Gordon. "Go on."

"But that what we ask is no longer his to give. He has sold his kingdom, and his right to this island to another king, who came to him two days ago in a great canoe, and who made him as we do with guns. I suppose he means, and to whom he sold the island for a watch that he has in his hand around his neck. Besides, he signed a paper and made marks on a piece of bark to show that he gave up the island freely and forever."

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"You are quite right. Still I don't see what there is to do."

"Take Mr. Stedman, will you," said he, "and we will go and take a look at her."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMONG THE SWORDFISH.

An Adventure Off the New England Coast.

BY JOHN Z. ROGERS.

HERE was probably no happier or more expectant boy than myself when on a warm July afternoon I jumped from a New England dock to the deck of the fishing schooner Kate.

I was to take a month's swordfishing, and the captain of the New England coast with Capt. Mead and his crew of four, and a squire and a boy, were just having been released from school and the enjoyable outing in anticipation.

The Kate's cabin might have been built for two boys, for it was uncarpeted, had little furniture, but instead a very pronounced smell of fish and bilge water; but I was not particular, and always went to sleep when I turned in to be affected by such surroundings.

The next afternoon we captured our first fish. Capt. Mead stood in a small iron framework on the bowsprit with his spear in hand, and resting across the "pulpit," as it was termed.

The spear consisted of a long wooden stick, one end of which was inserted into an iron band. Attached to an eye in the band was a line which ran aft to a small red keg, around which it was wound.

Bill Mead, the captain's son, was aloft in the rigging on the "boom" when he saw the fish. He was a boy of about fifteen, and was a very good swimmer, and he was the first to see the fish.

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Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1891.

Globe Pocket Calendar.

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1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
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FARMERS FIGHTING HIGHWAYMEN.

Everybody rejoices at the road work of the Western farmers this year. They have gathered in phenomenally big wheat and grain crops. It is a long-awaited relief after years of disastrous experience caused by bad weather and other adverse agencies.

But now comes the big fight of the farmers to save the profits of their crops from the greedy clutches of elevator proprietors, cunning middlemen and transportation extortioners.

The fight has already begun in North Dakota. The yield in that State is enormous, amounting to 51,000,000 bushels. Taking out 5,000,000 bushels, which must be held for next year's seed, there remain 46,000,000 bushels for sale this year, requiring about 80,000 railroad cars to move to market.

All through the wheat areas the speculators have erected great elevators. These are the farmer's worst enemy. The elevator proprietors are supposed to send the wheat to store right along, since the exorbitant prices charged for storage would soon eat up the profits. But by holding on to the crop and thus piling up storage dues on the farmer the latter has, in past years, been worried into selling it at lower rates. Between these highwaymen and the transportation companies the poor farmer's profits have thus been eaten up.

The indignation of the North Dakota farmers at last became so great that the Legislature in 1890 passed a stringent law to protect them, and placed its enforcement in the hands of the railroad commissioners. No redress coming from this law, the Legislature, during the present year, has made these elevator proprietors virtually the property of the State. If the Nationalist idea of State control ever found a righteous application it is certainly in this case.

The success of the farmers in their stand-and-deliver fight with the elevator syndicates appears now to depend upon whether the railroad commissioners have the nerve to stand up and enforce the law in the face of the enormous pools of capital and influence behind the elevators. The indications up to date are that they have, for the farmers are terribly in earnest.

North Dakota is only one example of how the poor farmer in the West is stopped on the highway by thieving middlemen and asked to give up all his profits. The vagaries of the Farmers' Alliance are many, but it is any wonder that so powerful an agricultural organization has grown up in the West out of such wrongs and injustices as these?

VERMONT'S CENTENNIAL WEEK.

Every son of the Green Mountain State will look with patriotic pride upon his native hills this week.

Two great events are commemorated in this important centennial celebration. The first is the battle of Bennington. The second is the admission of the State into the Union in 1791.

Every American schoolboy has read of the battle of Bennington and felt the touch of youthful insurrection in the historic words: "You see the Red Coats. They are ours, or Mollie Stark sleeps a widow tonight."

Compared with the giant struggles of the late rebellion the encounter of the Vermont heroes with Col. Baum and his 800 German dragoons, British marksmen, Canadians, Indians and Tories, is hardly a military side show. None the less does the figure of Col. STARK among the men of '76 serve as a beacon fire to keep alive the national spirit.

The enthusiasm of the occasion will reach its climax tomorrow, when a memorial shaft 300 feet high, commemorating the battle of Bennington, will be dedicated by the President, accompanied by several members of his cabinet. A monster procession will pass under a triumphal arch costumed with \$100,000. Young ladies in appropriate costumes will represent the 13 original States, and 200 voices will fill the air with patriotic songs.

The Vermont centennial celebration is one of a series of 28 others to come, designed to commemorate the growth of the American Union. These occasions afford the most promising opportunities to keep the true American spirit alive and alert. As great alien streams pour from all sides into our civilization the national spirit needs to be revived at times with the inspiration of such historic memories as cluster around Bennington.

As one of the original thirteen sisters of the American Union, Vermont has a right to be proud of her record. She has developed and maintained a sturdy New England manhood. Her history has been marked by few of those turbulent outbreaks which attend national and local adjustments. In the main her career has been one of peace and prosperity.

For rebellious obstinacy and courage in the days that tried patriot souls, General BURKE compared the invincible Vermonters to the proud and stubborn Scotch Highlanders. But independence once secured, Vermont settled down to the arts of peace and industry, and has ever since taken first rank among loyal, peaceful and

patriotic States. We congratulate her jubilant sons and daughters in this her gala week of centennial festivities.

MAWTHORNE'S GRAVE.

The grave of NATHANIEL MAWTHORNE at Concord has been enclosed by a high fence, because the literary vandals have chipped his gravestone into a formless mass, and it is said, sold the fragments for fabulous prices.

But this high fence will probably not put a stop to the sale of these graveyard mementos of MAWTHORNE. At the time of the centennial, the honest New Hampshire family who owned the birthplace of DANIEL WEBSTER tried to make a little honorable money by selling trinkets made from the old elm that still stands before the ancestral WEBSTER doopstep. These trinkets sold rapidly; but soon a score of opposition sellers invaded the market. Tons and tons of trinkets, made from hundreds of cords of wood, were sold as parts of that inexhaustible WEBSTER elm.

So the fence around MAWTHORNE's grave will probably not stop the sale of the fragments from his gravestone. Such sales will go on by the wholesale, even if the gravestone never grows any smaller.

HARVEST LESSON FOR THE WORLD.

Often times, and perhaps we may say generally, an idea or a principle is contained in an event or an experience so that it is impressed upon the minds of a whole people as it never could be done abstractedly and with unceasing iteration. At any rate, ideas are contained in events, and it is the impending event of a threatened European famine that may yet precipitate the increasing ferment in the minds of the masses in the positive form of revolt, with a view to political reorganization.

The special providence of the matter is to be seen, as we of the United States cannot but prefer to believe, in the fact that relief for their want is to come only from this country, whose institutions are wholly those of self-government and self-restraining freedom. These are the institutions of which their hereditary rulers have assiduously kept them in ignorance. The very most they have heard of us is by private report, and then only to the effect that here alone they are free to earn a living by labor.

Gradually the light has dawned on them that other and larger opportunities are also open to them here. And now, when actual hunger threatens to overtake them, and it cannot be concealed that it is free America that sustains their existence, with the food they consume they will gratefully swallow our century-tried maxims of popular liberty and free government, and silently decide that progressive republicanism is the system with which to supplant repressive military monarchy.

Thus will the lesson be taught as events never combined to teach it before, that as this free republic is capable of feeding not only its own people, but the needy world, and is its best capable of maintaining social order and domestic content, and through honest industry of establishing a commonwealth of peaceful prosperity.

Who can presume to say that a lesson of such moment to the human race is not on the eve of being taught by the withholding of its accustomed harvest from populous Europe, and the generous supply of its sore deficiency from the teeming fields and bursting granaries of republican America?

PROSPECTIVE SCENES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The world's fair at Chicago will afford a singular spectacle for a man broad enough to take in the whole show in all its bearings, political, moral and economic.

There are the great producing Christian nations of the earth all coming together, each to show the others what it is accomplishing in industry and commerce.

Of course the purpose of the fair is to advertise its products and thereby increase its trade and commerce.

But the French exhibitor, meeting Mr. ARMOUR in some Chicago hotel, will say: "What's the use of producing fine fabrics for export while you set MCKINLEY's tariff war does on to worry them out of your markets?"

"You're another," will be ARMOUR's quick retort. "What's the use of turning out an American hog that has no rival in the known world only to see it shut out of the French market by your cheese-and-cornstarch legislators?"

While ARMOUR and his French adversary are exchanging compliments, a German and a Russian may be engaged in similar discussions. Beside them may be an indignant Italian, accusing both of playing the same game of exclusion.

Surveying the whole scene, a representative of Mr. John Bull's dominions may exclaim: "You're all a set of self-seeking disciples of the policy of mutual injury, each calling the neighboring kettle black." At this all may be expected to exclaim in concert: "Get out, you great international peddler and free-trade hypocrite! We propose to protect our people and lift the world out of universal cheapness."

Such is the circus in prospect at Chicago, and some skillful caricaturist might work it into a cartoon which, if placed upon the walls of the art department of the great show, would deserve to take the first prize.

THE NEW BURGLARS' TRUST.

It has just been discovered that a gigantic burglars' trust has been organized in New York City.

The enterprising burglars of the country have long been aware that their profession is not properly protected. On account of the persistent interference of the police, who have, as they think, invidiously meddled with their business, burglars have found their occupation of late years a very precarious one.

The burglars' trust has, therefore, been organized in the hope of bettering the condition of this much-persecuted class of people.

It is said that the trust has resulted very satisfactorily from the burglars' point of view. Burglaries are no longer attempted in the old-fashioned, hap-hazard, hit-or-miss way. They have been planned carefully at headquarters, and all the details have been skillfully directed by the central authority.

As a consequence the burglars of the country have had a very prosperous season, and their persecutors, the police, have been very neatly baffled in almost every instance.

A coal trust, but a burglars' trust, organized on a gigantic scale, with the entire people for its victims? The burglars' trust only robs occasional houses and a stray bank here and there. But a wheat, sugar or coal trust burglarizes every family in the land, robbing rich and poor indiscriminately, and against these ubiquitous burglars there is no police protection.

Let not be unduly excited over this big burglars' trust. It is by no means the first one of the kind that has been organized.

MCKINLEY OPENS HIS CAMPAIGN.

Major MCKINLEY opened his campaign in Ohio last Saturday, and before the ballot-box delivers its verdict every nook and corner of that State will have been hotly canvassed.

The Ohio combatants are comprised in three different camps. Pitted squarely against each other are the regular Republican and Democratic speakers. Flanking both parties are 25 of the ablest speakers that the Farmers' Alliance is able to place in the field, and more are coming. These latter champions are more zealously after MCKINLEY's scalp than the Democratic speakers. Unfortunately, the excess of their zeal, coupled with the extravagance of some of their demands, gives considerable capital to the Republicans.

The issue of the Ohio campaign will serve as an initial feeler for the whole country and a guide to political managers in framing future platforms. If Gov. CAMPBELL can defeat MCKINLEY upon issues so emphatically national as those now being agitated in the Buckeye State, the great national managers of both parties will have unmistakable evidence that "something is up."

MCKINLEY opens the fight like a trained general, and invites the usual preliminary skirmishing before the decisive work is done. His words are an avowal that the currency and tariff questions are the great decisive questions before Ohio and the whole country.

He finds it all the more desirable to generalize pending issues from the fact that the Ohio farmers have a special and local bone to pick with him concerning the injury which the wool tariff has inflicted upon them. The hard facts of the case he cannot meet, and must, therefore, seek to divert their attention by dealing in generalizations.

When the conflict becomes general, and 50 or more speakers are found deluging every county in Ohio with frenzied appeals, it will offer a curious spectacle for the country. Should MCKINLEY be overthrown in his own State, and JOHN SHERMAN go to the wall with him, the chances of the Republican candidate for president in 1892 will not be long in talking about. Therefore we give GOV. CAMPBELL our best wishes.

THE ECONOMIC ENTOMOLOGISTS.

The Anti-Bug men of the country, under the high-sounding name of The Association of Economic Entomologists, have just held their first meeting in Washington. They have met and declared war to the death, as it were, against all varieties of bugs.

As the youthful HANNAH, before the same altar, swore eternal hatred to Rome, so this society of economic entomologists have registered a solemn vow of everlasting hostility to bugs. The entomologists and the bugs will now march their respective forces; the great battle of Gog and Magog will begin.

To tell the truth the entomologists have made out a fairly strong case against the bugs. One of their speakers declared that the bug annually destroyed \$38,000,000 worth of our agricultural products. If this is true—and who will dispute the word of an economic entomologist?—bugs, next to the McKinley tariff, are our greatest national calamity.

Perhaps these economic entomologists should be called the knights of modern times. The knights of medieval times, it will be remembered, used to march away encased in an iron cylinder, with an iron pot upon their heads, to fight impossible dragons, which probably only existed in the alcoholic imagination of some medieval wassailer. These modern knights, on the contrary, march forth to do battle with the very actual and real, though somewhat elusive, bug.

It must however be reluctantly admitted that these modern knights, like some of their ancient prototypes, occasionally strike their opponents below the belt. For example, they are denouncing the army of the chinch bugs by spreading a bacteriological disease among them. In other words, they are killing them by disseminating contagion. But then the chinch bug has really put himself by his inexcusable conduct, beyond the pale of mercy. Any method of warfare against him is justifiable.

So we say, let victory light upon the banners of this noble army of bug exterminators. And if they are looking for a commander-in-chief, worthy of their cause and devoted to their principles, let them turn their eyes upon the Hon. JEREMIAH RUSK of Washington.

THE NATION'S GREAT PROBLEM.

The greatest of governmental problems lies before the country. That problem is: What shall this great nation, with its rapidly increasing population and production, do for a currency in the future?

It will require all the wit and wisdom of the nation to settle it. Secretary WISDOM's last estimate of the money in the country was \$24 per capita. That is quite inadequate even for present needs no one will deny. Under the law of supply and demand, as population doubles every 25 years, the production of the metals upon which the currency is based, must also double.

In the case of gold this may be done as quite impossible. The gold owner may say what they will, but facts are stubborn things and they dare not attempt to show that our silver product can at all satisfy the demand as production, enterprise and commerce increase.

Among the ingenious solutions offered is one advocated by the New York Voice. It is as follows:

1. Let the Government purchase both gold and silver bullion at the market price, fixing a maximum price to be paid for each metal. It will refuse to purchase. This is already done in the case of silver. There is no reason why it should not be done in the case of gold.

2. Purchase as above all the silver and gold of the necessary purity that comes from American mines.

3. Quit coining either gold or silver (except as bullion) but keep the silver in the form of bars (which are now required for foreign payments, and store it in the treasury vaults).

4. Issue on each national treasury note the proportion of \$3 of such notes to each \$1 worth of bullion, each note to be a full legal tender and redeemable in gold or silver (bullion, not coin), at the option of the government, at the market price of either metal on the day of redemption.

5. Let the same of these notes be made as follows: One-third in payment of the bullion so purchased, and two-thirds in payment of the regular expenses of the Federal Government.

The writer is not advocating this scheme, but simply offering it as a study. Of course it will be averred that it involves an issue of fiat money. But if this is the case then the \$340,000,000 of legal tenders based upon a gold reserve of only \$100,000,000 are fiat money, too, although JOHN SHERMAN affirms that the \$1 in gold for \$3.40 in green-

backs makes their credit impregnable—a proposition that is not denied anywhere.

Though the gold and silver certificates are issued dollar for dollar, as between coin and paper, the so-called "specie basis" always was and still is a fiction in practice. The government is today floating its whole currency upon a gold basis of less than 6 per cent.

Paper money, wherever it is amply secured, is preferable to coin. Upon the basis of a dollar in coin for every dollar in paper this country cannot keep up anything like an adequate circulating medium. What's to be done? Without advocating the above scheme, it is well as all other well-meaning proposals, are worth a fair hearing.

BLAINE NOT INDORSED.

The Pennsylvania Republican State convention smashed its committee's platform by striking out the indorsement of BLAINE as candidate for president.

There is evidently serious dissension among Pennsylvania Republicans, and this act of the convention only emphasizes it. The better men and better party papers are violently opposed to QUAY. QUAY has been engineering the BLAINE movement. Pennsylvania is a BLAINE State, and there is no doubt that the vast majority of her Republican voters would like to see him the next president. But they do not like his lieutenant, MATTHEW S. QUAY.

No doubt many of the votes against QUAY's platform came from HARRISON men, and no doubt many came from those who thought it wiser not to indorse anybody. With the aid of these anti-QUAY people prevailed, and all that is left of a once brilliant indorsement is a glittering adjective or two. The enacting clause has been stricken out.

But the comparative strength of BLAINE and HARRISON is not to be judged by the action of this convention.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

More than fifteen millions of immigrants have landed in this country since 1880. Half a million came last year. This country is like a horse car—always room for a few more.

Considering the great food shortage in Europe, what a golden opportunity some of the South American States have lost by fighting with themselves. How long must such a government in these countries still await the pleasure of mobocracy?

The oration of ex-Minister PHILIPS on the occasion of the Bennington was a beautiful and scholarly effort. The scholar, when divorced from politics, is always instructive and entertaining.

When this moon has gone and another moon has come it will be the harvest, and this big land of the free will have its hands full furnishing the little kingdoms of the earth with wheat and rye and corn and lots of other good and useful things.

JAY GOULD is hunting in California, using a palace train which can be taken at convenient points. But he takes no other train but the Pullman. He is in the woods with him in order to signal the train hands at any moment should he come across a bear that has learned to speak a rifle. There's nothing like wise conservatism in such matters.

The Pennsylvania Republicans yesterday resolved as follows: "We favor bimetalism, so regulated as to allow free coinage of all the gold and silver produced from American mines."

The secretary of the GRANT Monument Fund has been elected secretary of a new fund in danger of losing his position. As the fund doesn't grow at all, and as the secretary's salary keeps on all the time, it is only a question of time when the secretary will be elected to the position of President.

The President made a strong anti-silver speech at Albany before Gov. HILL and a host of other prominent citizens. It was a question of all shades of political opinion. Nothing could have been more inappropriate than a partisan speech at such a time.

DEACON FARHAM of Lincoln, Mass., says that Indians brought to this State make the very best of farm hands and are very popular with the neighbors. The best way to find out whether the Indian will work is to give him a chance and treat him like a white man.

In Kansas, where women have come to enjoy the greatest share in political management, the girls are standing out for the natural right of proposing matrimony to the young men. The only thing left to the men is the right to decline.

While President HARRISON is angling about for points in Vermont Mr. BLAINE's friends are saying less, but saying word. The sick man of Bar Harbor is quietly enjoying an amount of skillful political nursing that will astonish the HARRISON boomers by and by.

The New York Sun accuses the Rev. SAM JONES of blasphemy. We hardly know whether this charge can be considered just, but we do know that SAM always speaks in a very free and easy way about God.

DON PIATT has made a savage attack upon the memory of GARFIELD. JOHN C. ROPER the other day severely arraigned the military spirit of the President. It used to be the rule to say nothing but good of the dead. This rule seems to have been reversed now and reads: Say nothing but of a man until he is dead, and then pile it on.

Ah, there! Do you not see the hand of QUAY, when among 1204 Republican delegates in Pennsylvania the air is full of shouts for BLAINE? Mr. HARRISON's steers, CRANE, must be realizing how big an elephant he has upon his hands.

A "city article" in the London Times informs its readers that Chicago is destined to become one of the greater grain-growing States in the Union. Perhaps this kind of journalism may account for the notorious opposition of the Times to the plan of papering the walls and windows of leading articles to sign their names to their work.

New York Sun: It is an ungracious thing to send a skeleton to a feast, and yet how portion of the President for reminding him that HAYES once went to Bennington, that HAYES was cheered to the echo and hailed as the party's hero; that HAYES was even described as the savior of the nation's peace by the unimpaired and disinterested observer as Col. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD. The water always runs down hill from the mountain, but the mountain is the office and not the man.

By actual count Chicago has 1463 hotels. But she will need a great many more to accommodate the vast crowds that will gather there when the World's fair opens.

During the last fiscal year American ships earned 60 cents in carrying United States mails. The best foreign ships carried about \$400,000. We are a great people, WANSMAKER and all.

The Legislature of the State of New York passed 120 pages of laws at its last session. Nobody but the proofreaders seem to have ever read them, nor will it ever be known what the bulk of them are. Law-making is a big trade.

The President will complete his political prospecting tour in Vermont this week, but will find time to run over to Bar Harbor to see Mr. BLAINE. There is not much reciprocity in the Harrison program.

yet his own figures tell us that the available gold in the treasury is already drained nearly to the verge. It is the public faith and credit, not the gold, which keeps him afloat. And it is a cheerful reflection that this faith is not likely to be shaken even by FOSTER's shallow financiering.

That man with the rain-producer down in Texas, when he tries to make a little local shower, creates a storm which covers a thousand square miles. He has evidently discovered no improvement on the old plan of sending rain upon the just and unjust.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES celebrates his birthday this week. He and WHITTIER are the only prominent survivors of a great era of great writers. Their words say the events of national interest. Let us hope they will continue to be celebrated for many years to come.

President HARRISON said, in his Bennington speech: "We shall grow richer by contributions which other countries shall make as they take from our storehouses the food need to sustain their people." This is true, and, being true, why not encourage commerce with foreign countries, instead of trying to stifle and destroy it by McKinley bills?

Maj. MCKINLEY declares that "reciprocity in no way encroaches upon the protective principle." This is quite true. It says that ten gallons of water poured into forty gallons of whiskey in no way encroaches upon the alcoholic principle. Reciprocity is free trade, and that is dead against the protective principle every time.

Mr. BLAINE has demonstrated that he has the nerve to sit out a whole programme of Adamantism. He is not likely to be swayed by the howls of the protectionists. He will now have the hardihood to say that he is a sick man?

If the President so deeply laments a decried dollar, how does he excuse his action in lending his signature to the existing coinage act? In such a situation he should maintain a becoming silence.

Before all the sham masonry in New York falls down upon innocent victims there will probably be many repetitions of the Park Place tragedy. Between the crime of erecting a death trap for people to live or labor in and the crime of deliberately wrecking a train there is not much moral difference.

Major MCKINLEY, in his speech opening the Ohio campaign, said that the Republican party "will not pause in its march and achievements until the flag—the flag of the stars—shall be the unquestioned symbol of sovereignty at home and of American rights abroad." Well, the Democratic party will not pause in its march, until the flag of the stars floats from the masthead of innumerable merchant vessels in every sea.

Such a large number of old people are being brought to light who remember WASHINGTON that it is perhaps not too visionary to hope that before the world's oldest man, the old veteran

